

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VI. No. 13

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

DECEMBER 26, 1915



By C. E. Kelsey.

A GLAD NEW YEAR TO YOU.

## Peterkin's Calendar.

BY ANNE HILLYER.

IN January dates are changed. A glad New Year to you!  
My mother helps me think the things that  
"I Resolve to Do."

At school we study drawing and learn to make designs;  
In February teacher says, "We'll paint some Valentines."

This month the wind roars 'round the square,  
and whistles through the arch;  
You're blown away; you can't stand still—  
that's why they call it March.

Right in the street when April comes I often sail my boat,  
My um-ber-ella goes to school, I wear my rubber coat.

The dandelions dot the grass and school seems dull in May;  
When teacher locks her desk up tight, then I skip home to play.

In June the days are very long, there's hardly any dark;  
Our Sunday school packs pies and cake and picnics in the park.

July we take the red-chair cars, the engines steam and pull,  
We go to Grandma's house and find her doughnut jar is full.

My birthday comes in August, so I like it pretty well;  
I have a new ve-loc-i-pede—you see how I can spell.

September then comes 'round again; the nights are short and cool,  
The birds fly swiftly to the South, and I fly back to school.

October is the gayest month, the leaves are gold and red;  
I roller-skate all afternoon until I'm called to bed.

November is Thanksgiving time. Three hundred years ago,  
The Pilgrims and the Indians ate turkey in the snow.

A Merry Christmas! Aren't you glad December's coming in?  
I'm glad the year is over, so another can begin.

## With All Your Might.

L. D. STEARNS.

CHIN resting thoughtfully in rounded palm, Dorothy Dwyer sat before the shining new desk that had been her Christmas gift. A little frown between her dark brows betokened perplexity; a pensive droop of the red lips added a touch of gravity. Before her, a pad of paper and a pencil lay waiting.

With a little swish her sister Gay came in. Her eyes were like stars, and her cheeks like fresh-blown roses. "Mercy me!" she exclaimed, stooping to gather up a couple of stockings and a skirt, "haven't you finished yet, Dot? New Year'll be here, and gone, before you get those resolutions fixed!"

With a little whiff of laughter she smoothed out a pair of gloves. "I guess," said she, "I count it a blessing that I'm not so harassed."

Dorothy sighed. "I do think, Gay," she retorted a little sharply, "that if you are not interested enough in amounting to something worth while, yourself, to make even one good resolution, you might at least appreciate the fact when somebody else is, instead of making fun of them."

The roses in Gay's cheeks bloomed into a little deeper tint. "Oh," she responded lightly, crossing to the bed, "I'm going to make *one*, Dot." She drew up the sheet, pulled it tight, and tucked it snugly in.

"I don't see," puzzled Dorothy, "how in the world you ever learned to make a sheet so smooth. I can't."

"Ever try?"

"Of course," impatiently. "But what's your resolution, Gay?"

Smoothing the spread up carefully, Gay tucked it in, patted the pillows and stood them in place, then, stepping back, surveyed her work with satisfaction. "Rather a nice-looking bed," said she, with an expressive little nod. "Aunt Jane told me yesterday she admired my bed-making. And whatever do you guess?" The dark, piquant little face, that would have been very plain except for the shining eyes and glowing cheeks, was suddenly all alight. "She said that now Ned and Tom were home from college, it was putting quite a lot of extra work on Nora, and if I had a mind to run across every morning and do up the beds and straighten up the rooms she would give me a dollar a week. That'll let me begin"—a quick catch in her voice—"music!" The last word was almost a whisper.

Her sister turned abruptly from the desk, and her face, fashioned like some lovely flower, flushed hotly. "She knows," she cried indignantly, "how much I want to go to college next year! Mean old thing! Why didn't she divide? It would give me a chance to save a little, anyhow."

Some of the brightness faded from Gay's face. "I wonder," she mused thoughtfully, "what you can do, Dot."

"Do!" Dorothy pushed back her chair.



"There's plenty of things to do, if one ever got the chance. You're always getting chances. It isn't fair! I could do that, at least half the time. Why can't we divide, Gay? Besides, you're so much better help for mother than I am that I think she needs you at home mornings."

The brightness had come back to Gay's face, but her brow was still puckered thoughtfully. "I thought of that," she acknowledged. "But I'm going to get up an hour earlier, and do enough before breakfast to make it up. I talked it over with Aunt Jane, and she said getting up early wouldn't hurt any one providing they went to bed in time. She said the early morning was a 'Tonic Medicine of God's, for human lives.' And she said, Dot, we couldn't change about with the work, 'cause, don't you know, she was up here that week mother had you do the room, and oh, Dot!" a ripple of laughter threaded through Gay's words, "it was such a bed! all humps and hollows, with the spread twisted and the ends of the pillows drooped down like a sick chicken's tailfeathers. It was fierce, Dot! just fierce!"

With a shrug Dorothy turned her back. "I suppose," she remarked coldly, "that bed-making is such a difficult art it would be almost impossible to learn it."

Drawing her pad toward her, she picked up her pencil and wrote at the top of the sheet:

#### RESOLUTIONS.

1. Plan out some way for college.
2. Physical exercise every morning.
- 3.

She paused. "Oh, botheration!" she complained petulantly. "It's easy enough to make a whole lot of resolutions. But when you try to pin 'em down to the six best ones you just can't choose. I don't see why mother asked me to make only six!"

Gay's eyes sparkled. "Easier to keep six," she remarked judicially, "than fifty. And then again, six isn't so many to break as fifty; so you aren't being false to yourself so many times." She glanced about the now tidy room. "After dinner," said she slowly, "little Winnie Drury's coming over to study Numbers half an hour, and she's coming regularly twice a week. Mrs. Drury's going to pay me twenty-five cents a time. The poor kiddie was so ashamed because she couldn't see through them, that I tried to help her a little once or twice, and her mother said it did her lots of good."

An expressive silence settled over the room. Dorothy's face flamed; Gay's was very sweet as she stood at the window gazing across the soft, white carpet of snow. The tiny nickeled clock on the stand relentlessly ticked off the remaining moments of the Old Year.

At last, very slowly, the girl by the window turned and crossed to her sister's side. Dropping to her knees by the polished desk she raised luminous eyes to the other's frowning face. "This is my Resolution, honey," said she, "and it's the very same one I made last year. Somehow, it seemed to take in all the rest."

Reaching for the pencil, she drew it from her sister's hand and wrote, in flowing, girlish characters across the sheet, "Whatsoever your hand, or heart, or feet find to do, do it with all your might!"

Tick, tick! The little clock went on and on, while the girl sitting before the desk gazed into the eyes of the one kneeling there, until, with a quick breath, she threw up her head and a grave, earnest light came filling

her eyes. "I'm going to take it, too," she announced slowly. "Somehow, you're always ready for everything, Gay, and things seem always to come to you. You needn't get up an hour earlier. I'll get to be just as good help for mother as you are, if it's possible." She tore the sheet into halves. "It isn't too hard to keep one resolution in your brain," she laughed. "Come on, and I'll take my first lesson on the last day of the Old Year. We'll get dinner together!"

#### A New Year's Thought.

WHILE Christmas comes around but once a year, With Christmas revelry and Christmas cheer, Life starts anew with each new morning ray, And every day, thank God, is New Year's day.

WILLIAM H. CARRUTH,  
*in "Each in his Own Tongue and other poems."*

#### The Broken Promise.

THIS is the true story of how Billy Brewster lost something that he had set his heart on, and of how he came to make a certain New-Year resolution that he has kept ever since.

Billy lives with his mother in a little house on the edge of the village of Bayville. As he was walking home from school one day Mr. Briggs, who owns the cotton mill, came along in his automobile.

"Jump in!" called Mr. Briggs.

So Billy eagerly clambered into the big car, and had his first automobile ride. When Mr. Briggs left Billy near his home, he said, "We will have another ride some day."

Several times after that he gave Billy a ride when he saw him in the village street or overtook him on the way home from school. One day Mr. Briggs said, "I am going over to Denton some day before long. Would you like to take the ride and see the sights?"

Of course Billy would like to go, and he was so happy that he could hardly stammer his thanks. Denton was a large city, sixty miles away, and Billy had never been there. The trip would mean an all-day ride in the automobile, instead of a ride of a few minutes, and he would surely see many wonderful things in the city. He ran breathlessly into the house to tell his mother, and he whistled louder than usual as he did his chores that night.

It was early in the winter, and a few days later the school closed for the holiday vacation. One morning Billy's mother said, "Will you bring the rest of that wood into the shed to-day, Billy? There is likely to be snow before long."

"Yes," answered Billy, promptly. "I'll do it to-day."

He began his task with the best intention, but in a few minutes Tom Halsey called to him from the street:

"Come on, Billy! We are all going skating on the mill pond. The ice is fine!"

Billy looked sadly at the woodpile. It could wait, he thought; he would surely do the work to-morrow. He remembered his promise to his mother that he would get in the wood that day, but he thought that he could explain it all when he got back from the mill pond. That is the way he argued to himself as he ran to join Tom and the other boys.

Several hours later he came back from

skating, and ran in to tell his mother how it had happened.

She listened in silence, and when he was done she said, "I see how it was, but I am very sorry that you broke your promise, Billy."

"But it was such a little promise," pleaded Billy. "And I knew I could get in the wood to-morrow."

"A promise is a promise," said his mother, gently, "and a little promise is to be kept as well as a big one."

"But it did no harm," urged Billy.

"It always does harm to break a promise," returned his mother. "In this case you have lost a great deal."

"What do you mean?" cried Billy.

"A few moments ago Mr. Briggs called for you on his way to Denton. He is soon going South for the winter, and so you have lost the long ride and the visit to the city."

Billy did a lot of thinking while he was getting in the wood the next day, and when the time came a little later for making New-Year resolutions, he made one resolution that he has kept ever since. It was about little promises.

JOHN CLAIR MINOT,  
*in the Youth's Companion.*

#### Little Things.

IT'S the little things that brighten

All the dullness of the way,

It's the little things that lighten

Burdens carried through the day.

It's the little things that ease us

When our lot is hard to bear,

And the little things that please us—

Though they're neither here nor there!

It's the little things that trouble,

It's the little things that pain,

And a little thing will double

Every care of heart or brain.

It's the little things that sadden

And the hopes of life impair,

It's the little things that madden—

Though they're neither here nor there!

It's the little things we're living

In the warp and woof we make,

Just the loving and the giving,

And the smile when hearts would break.

Oh, the bigger things that tower!

Like the sunflow'r's blinding glare,

Ever hide the sweeter flower—

Though they're neither here nor there!

MARIE ROSE LIVESEY.

#### None Liveth to Himself.

SAY not, "It matters not to me:  
My brother's weal is HIS behoof!"

For, in this wondrous human web,

If your life's warp, his life is woof.

Woven all together are the threads,

And you and he are in one loom:

For good or ill, for glad or sad,

Your lives must share one common doom.

Then let the daily shuttle glide,

Wound full with threads of kindly care,

That life's increasing length may be

Not only strongly wrought, but fair,

So, from the stuff of each new day,

The loving hand of Time shall make

Garments of joy and peace for all;

And human hearts shall cease to ache.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.



## A Timely Text.

BY ESTHER G. BABSON.

STELLA DAVIS looked rather thoughtful as she plodded through the grass on her way home from school. The red ribbon on her hat matched her cheeks that September day, but her brown eyes were rather wistful as she glanced up from the open letter she had been reading.

During the summer Stella had been going to a good many picnics and parties, but now, with the reopening of school, her parents had looked rather disapprovingly upon quite so much gayety. The rule had been made, therefore, that Stella was to be allowed to go to only one party a week, and that on a Friday or Saturday evening.

And now this lovely invitation had come: a straw-ride to Bedford and back, with a supper afterwards, at Milly Sprague's. What fun! It was to be next Wednesday night; to be sure Thursday was her hardest day in school, but she could get up early the next morning and study. Oh dear, if she could only go!

Coming into the house, she showed the note to her mother.

"Oh, mother, just this once let me go; I'll be home early, by eleven, and get up at six o'clock the next morning and study."

"Stella dear, mother is the best judge for you now, you will have plenty of years for real good young-lady times when you have finished school. Just write a courteous note declining, and put all thought of it out of your head."

There was a finality about Mrs. Davis' words which impressed her daughter, but it was with very bad grace indeed that Stella sat down at the desk to do as she was told.

On Wednesday evening, about seven o'clock, as Stella walked home from the post-office, the wagon-load was just starting. A dozen hands waved to her, a dozen voices cried, "Oh, Stella, jump in,—change your mind and come with us!"

"Come on, Star," sang out a voice she knew so well. The temptation was great; suppose she *did* ride a little way and come back by trolley, what harm in that? She almost yielded, for the worst guise which temptation presents is the harmless one; but just then a verse which she had learned one Sunday came into her head,—"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

"No, thanks, I can't go to-night," she sang out cheerfully. "Have a good time, everybody. I'll see you all Friday at Mary's."

Stella hurried home feeling somehow calmed and happy, instead of envious and uneasy. She studied till nine, then played a little to her father, and was abed and asleep long before ten o'clock.

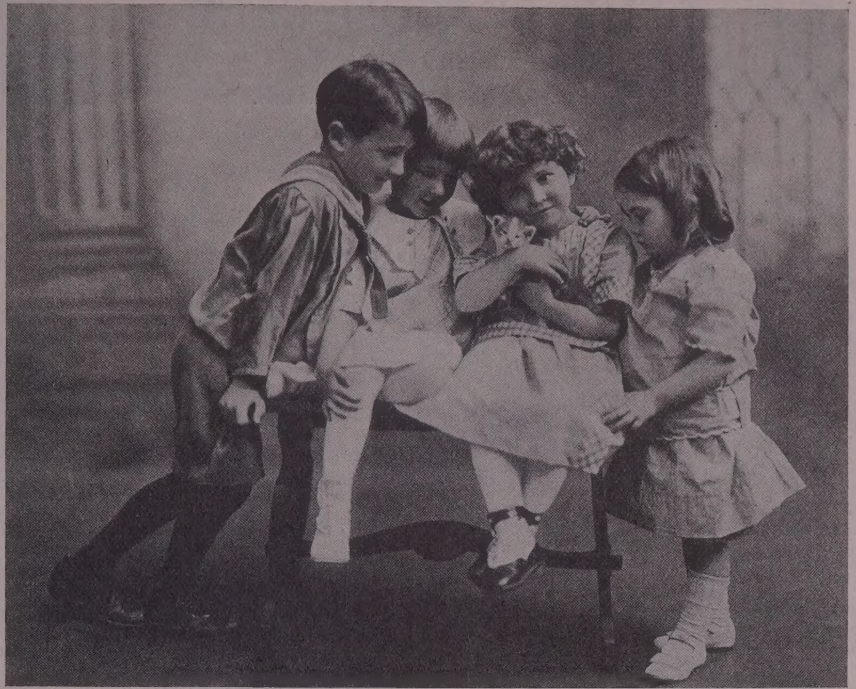
The next morning at breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Davis appeared rather grave and silent, instead of with their usual cheerful morning faces.

"What's the matter, father? Mother, have you heard bad news from grandma?" inquired Stella, anxiously.

"No, indeed, dearie, nothing of that kind," responded Mrs. Davis. "But Mr. Nichols was here just before you came down, and he told your father about an accident that happened to your friends on the straw-ride."

"Oh, father, was any one hurt?" broke in Stella, looking so frightened that Mr. Davis hastened to reassure her.

"No one was seriously hurt, Stella; it seems that coming home the whole party



WHOSE SHALL IT BE?

was quite boisterous and excited. Ben Clark insisted upon driving, seized the reins from the driver, and drove the wagon into a ditch so the whole thing tipped over. Several of them were bruised, one of the girls fainted, and Nora Whitney sprained her ankle."

"Oh father, poor Nora! she got up the party."

"The worst of it was," resumed her father, "they were all much excited and behaving rather wildly before it happened. Mr. Nichols told us that the master of the High School feels very badly about it, and is going to talk to the parents about allowing their children so much liberty. There was no older person with them, you see."

Stella looked very thoughtful. She drew a long breath, then turned impulsively to her mother.

"Oh, I'm so thankful I didn't go. I came near it, for I met them starting just as I came down the street. It did look such fun, and they begged me to come with them, and I did so want to. I thought I'd go part way and come back by trolley, but I know if I'd once started I couldn't have left. Then all of a sudden a verse we learned in Sunday school came into my head, 'Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.'" Stella paused a moment, then went on softly: "I did say a little prayer for help just as quick; and then I found I could say 'No,' so easily, and I didn't mind seeing them ride off without me, somehow, for I felt peaceful and happy. I guess, now, mother, the town will come to your plan of once-a-week Friday night parties."

WHEN the logs are burning free,

Then the fire is full of glee;  
When each heart gives out its best,  
Then the talk is full of zest;  
Light your fire and never fear,  
Life was made for love and cheer.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

## Sunday School News.

The First Parish of Cambridge issued at the opening of the Sunday school on October 3 a prospectus of the school. As it is marked "Bulletin No. 1," other publications relating to the work of this excellent school may be expected during the year.

Winchester, Mass., counts last year a "banner year" in its Sunday school. The average attendance was 180, and 65 pupils had perfect attendance during the last half of the year. October 3 was "Rally Day," and the school has started out intending this year to better its best record.

At Waltham, Mass., the Sunday school has secured the services of Miss Frances M. Dadmun as director of religious education. The church calendar reports a list of new teachers secured.

The most inspiring section of the North Side Unitarian Church *Bulletin* (Pittsburgh) is the Sunday school announcement. There are three new lines of work: an assistant superintendent in charge of the music of the school, which includes a volunteer choir for the Sunday morning service; another assistant superintendent directing the social work of the school; and a teacher-training class under a competent leader, studying psychology and teaching methods. The *Bulletin* rightly describes this last as "the most striking feature of this year's work."

Little Florence kept begging her father to take her to visit her grandmother, who lived at a distance.

"You must remember that every time we go to see grandma it costs ten dollars," said the father, "and ten dollars don't grow on every bush."

"Grandmas don't grow on every bush either," answered Florence, promptly. They went.—*The Woman's Journal*.





# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Letters will be published so far as space permits; the most original and interesting will be chosen. The names of all whose letters do not appear will be printed in the lists. The Beacon Club button will be sent to each member when the letter is received. Write on one side of the paper. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,  
1351 California Street.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy attending the Unitarian church of this city. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much, especially the Recreation Corner. Our particular class is studying something I think is rather different from others and I thought you might be interested. We are studying and comparing the scientific view of the way the world was made to the Biblical story, and have so far learnt that science is only a different understanding of God. I would also like to join your club if I may. Hoping that your paper will be prosperous, I am,

A *Beacon* reader,

DOUGLAS REYNOLDS.

DUNDEE,  
14 Wilkies Lane.

Dear Miss Buck,—I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and I am pleased to say that there are many interesting stories in it. I would like to become a member of your Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and have received four prizes for attendance. My teacher's name is Miss Anderson, and I am eleven years of age. Our minister's name is the Rev. H. Williamson, and we all love him very much. I remain,

Your new member,

ARCHIE CADENHEAD.

## From the Editor to You.

Happy New Year. In a few days you will be giving the greeting for the New Year to all your friends.

It seems natural enough for us to think of the beginning of the year as coming in the month of snows. One of our writers tells us that "the old chroniclers made the year begin in the season of the frosts, and have launched us on the current of the months from the snowy banks of January."

Do our child readers know that there is more than one New Year's Day in the world? The Editor is writing these words on one of them. It is the ninth day of November. About two hundred and fifty million people, nearly one-seventh of all the folks in the world, start a new calendar on this date. For them it is not the year 1916, but one dated 1334. They are not Christians, but Mohammedans.

Our year 1916 marks the number in our Christian era. It was started at a year which was thought to be the date of the birth of the Christ, though through a mistake in calculation it was really four years too late. The Mohammedans marked the year "one" of their era by the flight of their prophet Mohammed from Mecca, where he was persecuted for his religious teachings. He went to Medina and there established a new religion which now has many million followers. They live in Turkey, in China, India, Africa and Arabia, in Russia and the East

DUNDEE, SCOTLAND.  
Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church, and I get a *Beacon*. I love to read the stories in it, and I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. My address is 14 Wilkies Lane.

P. S. My Sunday school teacher is Miss Anderson. I am seven years old.

RETNA CADENHEAD.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.,  
24 Allerton Street.

Dear *Beacon*,—How pleased I was to get a letter from dear you and how nice I think you were to write to me. How glad I am that you are going to put my puzzle in your paper and asked me for some more. It encourages me a lot to think I am having some of my work out in the world even if I'm not out myself. I read a story the other day that also encouraged me. It was about a boy who stayed at home even if his friend did go off. He became a great painter, but his friend had very bad luck. I try to think I will do something later.

Here are two more of my puzzles I hope you will like and put in the paper.

Yours truly,

MILDRED H. LANMAN.

Mildred sent us an enigma for the Recreation Corner and wrote us that she was making them all the time, as she was not well and could not go to school or Sunday school. So we told her that we would like to see more of her work. Then came two more puzzles and this nice letter. Shall we not all send to this brave little Plymouth maid at least a wireless message of good-will and good wishes?

Indian islands. Do you suppose the boys and girls who are Moslems instead of Christians make good resolutions on their New Year's Day and want to do better in the year just starting? I hope so.

On our Christian New Year let us speed a thought of good will to our little Moslem brothers and sisters. We may hope that their prophet Mohammed will be as great a help in their lives as is the Christ in ours. So the Editor wishes them on November 9, as she does all the Christian children of our land on January 1, a Happy New Year.

## When the Heart is Young.

BY LOUISE M. HAYNES.

GREAT-GRANDMA plays each day with me

Upon our garden seat;  
She cannot run and skip about,  
But I sit at her feet,  
And she relates such wondrous tales,—  
The finest ever told;

She says her heart is just my age  
Although she looks so old.

I know 'tis so, for she can hear

The hum of fairy wings,  
And often when I hear no sound,  
She says an angel sings.

We play so happily all day  
Among the flowers there,  
For great-grandma's as young as I,—  
Without my golden hair.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA XXVIII.

I am composed of 14 letters.  
My 4, 2, 14, is a certain weight.  
My 12, 7, 4, is a pet.  
My 1, 5, 6, 13, 8, 11, is a special kind of soap which is for scouring.  
My 3, 4, 9, 10, 14, is part of a boat.  
My whole is a certain newspaper.

RUTH GRAVES.

### ENIGMA XXIX.

I am composed of 26 letters.  
My 2, 3, 13, is a fowl.  
My 2, 6, 5, 6, is a pet.  
My 8, 5, 12, 21, is something that gives light.  
My 15, 24, 14, 14, 19, is something to walk on.  
My 17, 14, 19, 13, is part of a cow.  
My 25, 24, 8, is sick.  
My 1, 9, 13, is a number.  
My 4, 23, 24, is an abbreviation for barrel.  
My 4, 8, 22, 18, is a color.  
My 7, 10, 20, 11, is a personal pronoun referring to a number of people.  
My 23, 22, 16, is a conjunction.  
My whole is a famous poem written by a Unitarian woman.

RUTH WILDER.

### CHARADE.

What's in my first but few can tell.  
My second, a youth, and loves play well.  
My whole is found upon the shore,  
Where great waves beat with steady roar.  
Selected.

### A CORN ROAST.

1. This is a very curious corn;  
'Tis a fabulous animal that has but one horn.
2. Although it sounds strange as strange can be,  
This corn is the fruit of a very large tree.
3. If it is music you wish to hear,  
This corn makes a sound that is loud and clear.
4. This is a corn that's very well known,  
Although it belongs to the torrid zone.
5. This corn is one you are sure to know,  
A general brave, who lived long ago.
6. To find this corn you needs must look  
In a secluded place or secret nook.
7. This corn is found across the sea,  
Producing metals in great degree.

The Wellspring.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals spell the names of two poets.  
The first line is a writer.  
The second is a river in South America.  
The third, a city of Europe.  
The fourth, a country of Europe.

Scattered Seeds.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 11.

ENIGMA XXIII.—George Washington.

ENIGMA XXIV.—Panama Canal.

ENIGMA XXV.—Dardanelles.

CHARADE.—Harebell.

- AGES.—1. Dotage. 2. Marriage. 3. Courage.  
4. Image. 5. Tonnage. 6. Average. 7. Mucilage.  
8. Anchorage.

TWISTED COUNTRIES.—1. France. 2. Spain. 3. Canada. 4. Holland. 5. China. 6. Belgium. 7. England. 8. Italy. 9. Japan. 10. United States.

## THE BEACON

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